

Ervin demonstration—separating public myth from public reality

By JOHN RUSSELL

Members of three organizations—the Association for Women Students, the Carolina Gay Association and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom—demonstrated outside Gerrard Hall last Thursday evening. Inside, the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies were unveiling a bust of Senator Samuel J. Ervin, Jr. before the societies' regular membership and invited guests, including Sen. Ervin. The demonstrators protested Ervin's stand against the Equal Rights Amendment, which was defeated in the General Assembly earlier this spring. The following is one account and interpretation of the incident.

The problem was light. The spotlight that shines from South Building into the Y-Court was not working, and none of the three campus policemen on the scene knew how to turn the light on, why it was off, and what to do about our request that the light be shone on the demonstrators in the Y-Court. On Cameron Avenue, ten yards from the protesting men and women, carloads of people drove by hurling obscenities and an occasional water balloon toward the picket line. Only the periodical flash of a photographer's bulb or a television camera gave light to the scene.

In an effort to right the situation I ran to my car, drove it into the Y-Court, and turned my headlights on the protestors, who were circling in front of the rapidly filling Gerrard Hall. The sudden appearance of my automobile was interpreted as a hostile act by the senior officer among the policemen. There was no chance for negotiation; he stood firmly upon the divine inspiration of the campus parking code. No matter if headlights provided the light he could not. I moved the car when he threatened to do it for me.

Senator Ervin was already in Gerrard and the meeting was about to start. A few late arrivals hurried into the hall. When a protestor tried to enter the door with a sign, a plainclothesman blocked the way. Almost immediately a nervous representative of the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies came out of the hall and informed us that admittance to the affair inside was by invitation only.

It was obvious that the chanting outside Gerrard would make it difficult for those inside to hear the speakers. Confering with

people who identified themselves as spokesmen for the Di-Phi, we proposed that four or five demonstrators be allowed to stand in the rear of the hall silently, holding signs. The demonstrators outside would then stop chanting. One spokesman said he would take up the matter with other officials in the hall, and come back with an answer. He never returned, the program started, and we continued to chant.

The Light that Shines

But we still had no light. I ran to Playmakers Theatre, where the opening night performance of *Once in a Lifetime* was between acts. Standing outside the back door of the theatre were several musicians taking a break. Near them stood a portable stage spot, double-mounted, with a convertor and an extension cord. Short of breath, I quickly outlined my case to the musicians, asking that they take me to the stage manager so that I could ask him to donate the spotlight to our demonstration. Two of the musicians abruptly excused themselves. The third thought for a moment. "B—but we need it for the finale," he said.

Eventually, I returned to Gerrard Hall with two small highlight spots I was able to check out at the Union desk. The Di-Phi spokesman who had not come back to answer our original proposal was back outside with Dean Boulton, who had just arrived. The program had been going on for an hour, and it seemed that the chanting outside did indeed make it difficult for people to hear. The leaders of the demonstration, principally Betty Ausherman of the Association for Women Students, re-stated to Dean Boulton our original position: let four or five protestors stand silently at the rear of the hall with signs, and everyone outside would stop chanting. Dean Boulton said that he thought this was a reasonable compromise, and that he would talk about it with the Di-Phi spokesman.

From Gerrard Hall we could hear sporadic, and then sustained applause. The three campus policemen stood together a few yards away, scuffling at the concrete and talking among themselves.

Out of the hall walked a stocky man in a three-piece suit. He drew a pipe out of his pocket and strode toward the policemen; as he struck a match the features of his face were illuminated for an instant — it was Rufus Edmisten, the Attorney General of North Carolina. The policemen came to a

kind of attention as he approached.

Leisurely, Edmisten surveyed the general calm of the Y-Court, drawing on his pipe. And he spoke with satisfaction to his officers of order at UNC. "You men are doing a great job here, a great job here. If any of y'all ever need any help now, just give me a call in Raleigh. Anytime."

No Compromise

The compromise plan was rejected. The affair is by invitation only, the Di-Phi spokesman said, and no one without an invitation is going inside. The building is lawfully reserved for a private meeting, and



the police are here to enforce the law. The spokesman proposed that everyone demonstrating join the Societies, and discuss this point at the next general meeting. Thus do the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies teach lessons in parliamentary procedure. Tonight, it was clear, the dialectic would be stalled in stage one.

The picketing and the chants began again, angrier than before. A well-dressed matron emerged from Gerrard Hall, we thought at first to chastise. She peered into the night at the circling demonstrators, smiled curiously, and then warmly — and then she suggested in a clear voice that everyone march to the open windows at the side of the building near the speaker's rostrum, and from there chant inside. We would be far more effective, she assured us.

About half of the protestors took her suggestion. Unknowingly they drowned out part of the speech of Albert Coates, one of North Carolina's most distinguished

advocates of the Equal Rights Amendment.

Outside we could tell that the meeting was near an end. One of the campus policemen said he had climbed up to examine the light on South Building: it was not on because it had a burned-out switch, he reported. He had turned on the lights in the offices in South Building to see if that would help. The guests of the Societies filed out of Gerrard Hall; I and several others went inside the building and stood by the doors with our signs. The newspapers were getting statements from Betty Ausherman and from the Di-Phi spokesman. Senator Ervin was posing for pictures and signing autographs. He even autographed one protestor's sign. It



read: *I was born just a poor country girl from North Carolina, and thanks to you, Senator Ervin, I'm going to stay that way.* Someone else gave him a sign to autograph that read *ERA in '79*. He would not sign that one.

As I stood by the door with my sign, a friend in the Di-Phi stopped to exchange pleasantries and chat about the protest. We exchanged wry observations, moving outside to get some air. I asked him what Ervin's speech had been about.

"Oh, it was basically the same thing he said at University Day a couple of years ago," my friend said, squinting to accustom his eyes to the darkness of the Y-Court. "You know—personal reminiscences, the things the University stands for. The old Lux and Libertas theme."

My friend looked at me quizzically, for I must have been staring. "Is something wrong?"

"What does lux and libertas mean?" I asked.

"Lux and Libertas? It means light and liberty I think."

Lux and Libertas

When everyone had left, I went downtown to RW's for a beer. The bar was packed with people, a large number of whom, I soon discovered, were members of the Di-Phi discussing the outrageous demonstration that had just been perpetuated against the Societies. In the true spirit of debate I was called upon to defend the protest, pointing out that the demonstration was a response to Senator Ervin's opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment, and was not against the Societies; that Senator Ervin, although retired from electoral politics, chooses to lend his name, his reputation, and his considerable abilities as an orator to groups that oppose women's rights. It was his appearance on the same stage with Phyllis Shafely just two months ago that in my opinion gave anti-ERA forces the public momentum to defeat the amendment in North Carolina. Honoring Ervin at this time, for reasons however innocent, is a political act that provokes a political response.

The 11 o'clock news came on the television above the bar, and we could see the record of the day flash by, without sound of course, for no one could hear above the din.

Eventually, Sam Ervin's unmistakable face beamed on the screen, behind him a blurred portrait of some ancient Ruffin or Morehead. Senator Sam was obviously telling a joke, his jowls and eyebrows animate, syncopated with increasing speed as his punchline drew near. The Di-Phi members crowded to the bar, cheering. At the end of his joke, the Senator's face contorted to a full laugh; then, by television's sleight of hand, his image dissolved, and our protest came on the screen, a stand of signs outlined against the night. The partisan crowd lustily boomed the demonstration, and *en masse* ordered another round of beer.

A senator of the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies challenged me to a game of pinball, but I declined. My thoughts had turned to a passage from Swift that I had read that afternoon, one which I had always found difficult, but that I understood better with the events of the evening. Happiness, the Dean says, is that sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well deceived; happiness is, he

concludes — and I think this is his phrase — the serene and peaceful state of being a fool among knaves. I finished my beer happily and left.

I respect Sam Ervin the man; it is Sam Ervin the myth I cannot honor. As a civil libertarian and as Chairman of the Watergate Sub-Committee he rendered the nation great service; his career is also marked by a vigorous and sustained opposition to equal rights legislation for blacks and women. His mythographers celebrate the former and ignore the latter. Sam Ervin is far more comfortable than they are, I suspect, with the curious rationale of his public record. But I also suspect that he rather enjoys being a certified myth and will therefore keep quiet about the whole thing.

It has been the role of this University, in the distinguished periods of its history, to separate public myth from public reality. When Southerners are perennially attracted by the myth of an agrarian economy, it is economists and sociologists from Chapel Hill who insist that we attend to the realities of the industrial age. When North Carolinians claim that we really don't need this tax measure, that our roads or our schools or our hospitals are the best in the world, it is the educators and researchers from Chapel Hill who bring forth the figures to say it isn't so. And when others claim that civil rights legislation is unnecessary because our Negroes or our women are happy, people from Chapel Hill are in the forefront of educating social awareness in North Carolina. If Lux and Libertas should remind us of anything, it should be to guard against the intellectual complacency that denies our heritage and legitimizes myths at the expense of people.

We pay homage to myths while women in North Carolina are legally second-class citizens; while black people rot in our state prisons under dubious circumstances and excessive sentence; while trade unions are chased from our borders and our workers are paid the lowest industrial wage in the nation; and while our legislators, with a few exceptions, year after year aspire to mediocrity and achieve it with unfortunate success. These things speak to our conscience. And as an academic community predicated upon the unflinching pursuit of truth and the historical mission of leadership in this state and in the South, we ignore reality at everyone's peril.

John Russell is a senior English major from Greensboro, N.C.

Pay raises mean quality

By LARRY BRITT

For many younger students, growing up and attending the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill was always the thing to do. An education at UNC was expected and most always desired. And why shouldn't it be?

The athletic programs are superb, the campus beautiful and the town unlike all others. What's more, there's no place in the state where you can see as many beautiful girls in one day as you can at UNC.

Of course, we must not forget our educations because there are surely those among us who attend UNC for just that; an education, a quality education.

But for the younger students whose shoes we once filled, a quality education at UNC may slip away. While the walls and benches remain, low salaries are driving enthusiastic and talented professors away. And when all the surveys are conducted and the reports completed, it's the professor that insures the quality education, not a school's reputation.

Next fall, several professors will not return to UNC. Some, of course, will retire. More significantly, though, others will take similar jobs at other institutions, or perhaps go into business. Their primary reason is simple and easily understood. More money can be made elsewhere.

We all know money isn't everything. Yet, with today's rate of inflation, even a resourceful professor would be hard pressed to pay his bills without it.

In the past four years, for example, UNC faculty salaries have increased by only 18.5 per cent while the cost of living skyrocketed 32.3 per cent. In 1975, national salaries for professors rose by an average 7 per cent. But a N.C. General Assembly short of funds managed a less than 1 per cent pay raise. With disappointing salary information such as this, we might wonder just how much longer the quality professors will be at UNC.

The problem we face is a serious one because while low salaries drive professors away, they make it difficult to attract new academic talent as well. In addition, tomorrow's salary forecast is no clearer than today's. In fact, it's very unlikely that the General Assembly will provide an adequate salary increase for professors.

At this point, a 6.5 per cent pay hike seems likely. But this low figure would do little more than keep UNC professors far behind in work compensation. What is needed instead, is a 10 to 15 per cent salary increase each year for the next several years. With such an increase, we would stand a much better chance of keeping the professors we now have as well as attracting new ones, thus preserving the quality education at UNC we so often boast of and defend.

According to William Friday, president of the entire UNC system, "It's the quality of teaching and research personnel and supporting staff that really makes the difference in education—the quality of education." But, unless the General Assembly approves a substantial pay hike, some of these professors may slip away, taking with them the quality education we came here for; the education younger students now look forward to.

Larry Britt is a senior journalism major from Fayetteville, N.C.

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The Daily Tar Heel

84th Year of Editorial Freedom

Colleges leading nation in solar energy movement

Colleges and universities around the nation are at the vanguard of the solar energy movement. According to the College Press Service, solar-heated dormitories and buildings are under construction at institutions of higher learning from California State University-San Jose to the University of Texas.

Recently, the Community College of Denver, Colo., joined the energy-savers building the world's largest solar heated facility. The new complex, to be completed in June, cost \$12.5 million and covers 300,000 square feet.

The solar equipment cost \$800,000 but Denver officials think it will pay for itself in fuel savings over the next 12 to 15 years. The ray-gathering equipment takes up about two-thirds the space of a football field.

Also, the new building is estimated to be two to four times as well insulated as contemporary buildings. Its windows have been minimized to conserve energy.

As President Carter tries to force the nation to come to grips with its energy problems, such experiments in energy-conserving design are welcome. We hope many more colleges and universities, including this one, will join the energy pioneers.

It is only fitting that institutions of higher learning lead the way in the energy-saving use of modern technology.

Tuition hikes bug students

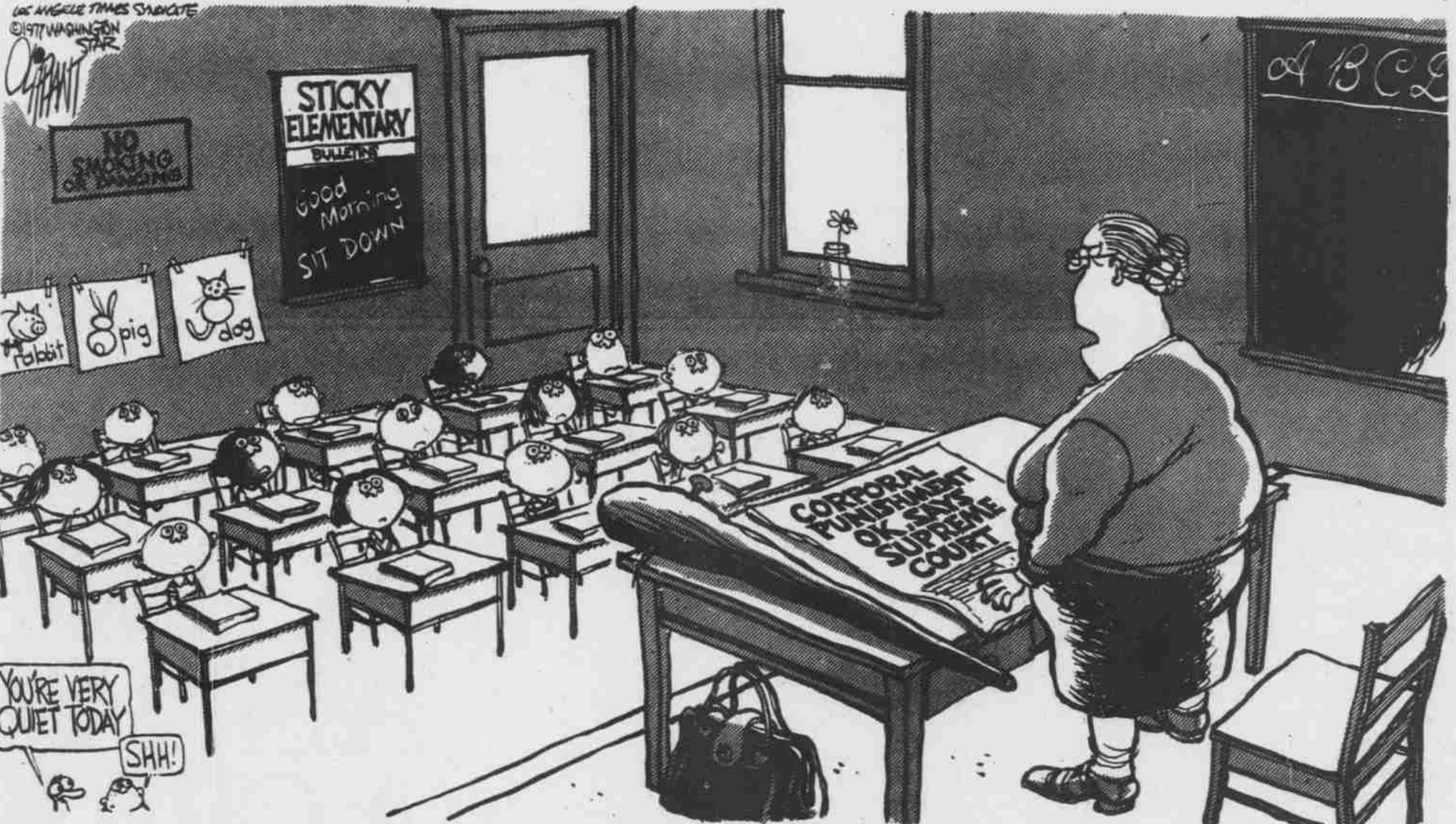
It was a demonstration almost reminiscent of the turbulent Sixties—almost. Nearly 2,000 angry University of Miami, Fla. students occupied the school's administration building last week, but not in protest of a war and not brandishing weapons. Instead, their grievance was the administration's alleged failure to adequately justify a recent tuition hike. And their arms? 40 loaves of bread and a supply of peanut butter and jelly.

The contrast of methods used by these students of the 70s with those of their counterparts 10 years ago is stark. But their complaint, it seems, was justifiable. The \$200 tuition increase under dispute for the 1977-78 academic year was the fifth increase imposed by the university board of trustees in the last six years. The tuition at Miami has escalated by \$1,200 since 1970-71.

The students weren't protesting the raise per se, but the president's and the board of trustees' failure to sit down with student representatives and discuss the necessity of the budget jump. The president rejected the idea of meeting with the students to discuss the budget, negotiations stalled, and nothing more was accomplished until the demonstration.

But it all ended peacefully enough. Police arrived but only a few students were arrested, including the student body president.

A decade ago, 2,000 students demonstrating attracted greater media attention. But the protests were of a different nature—ones generally demanding racial equality and the end to an undeclared war. The protest at Miami is just another example that it takes economic concerns today to budge the student of the 70s out of his chair and into the streets.



Kids must be careful Pink bottoms can be educational

By GENE UPCHURCH

Beads of sweat broke out on the foreheads of little kids across the country last week when the Supreme Court ruled that teachers could spank them without going to court to answer for charges of cruel and unusual punishment. It's a sure bet that a lot of teachers are wiping the cobwebs off their rulers and paddles and that school kids are being more careful when they open their mouths.

The High Court said that little kids in a school room aren't the same as prisoners in jail, even though some of the little kids might not agree, and that only convicted prisoners have a guaranteed protection from cruel and unusual punishment. So if teachers swat a kid now, the kid will just have to grin and bear it, rather than take the teacher to court.

It is true that before one can teach a child, one must have the child's attention. Children are notorious for having short attention spans, if you can get their attention at all. Often the only way to divert a child's attention from its present occupation, such as throwing things, making loud noises and generally being naughty, is to attract his attention with a slap to the broadside. It is remarkable how quickly this method brings order to a classroom. As soon as the crying and giggles subside, order is restored and teaching can proceed.

I grew up in an era when some teachers were afraid to spank children

and some freely exercised what they considered their right on our behinds daily. Looking back on my junior high and high school days, it's surprising how much more I learned under those teachers whose philosophy was beat-now-and-ask-questions-later. These teachers commanded a student's attention, because if they didn't get it, the kid did. And when you're afraid to move in a classroom because of what the teacher might do to you, you often learn something. You have to sit in the classroom anyway and when you know you can't think about what mean thing you're going to do next, you have to think about something. That something might as well be the lesson.

My ninth-grade English teacher is a good example of this. One missed homework assignment meant a trip to the front of the class for a stern lecture from the end of a 12-inch ruler that left an indelible impression on the seat of the pants and mind of the student. Not to mention the terrible feeling when you looked out across your giggling classmates to see your favorite girl laughing at you too.

This same teacher had a punishment when the whole class was being rowdy. Reciting. Reciting and torture go hand in hand. There is nothing more terrible for a fidgety ninth grader to endure than reciting. It may be torture and it may be cruel and it may be unusual, but we sure got quiet when she got that look in her eye. And when we didn't get quiet soon enough, she popped it to us. "The street light is on; therefore, it is night. The street light is on; therefore, it is night. The streetlight is..." I learned where to

put semi-colons, therefore and commas in this manner. I learned it in the ninth grade and I've never forgotten it, so the teacher's method of punishment can't be all that bad.

Basketball coaches are funny about the way their nice, hardwood basketball floors are treated. I learned this the hard way after my friend and I ran across my junior high school floor in our street shoes one day. And that's a cardinal sin. And he taught us what a cardinal sin it is. His method was to take offenders of various cardinal sins into his office, quietly shut the door, ask them to bend over and grab their own ankles, and worked on their backsides enough to impress upon them the seriousness of their crime. And it usually worked.

He had another punishment that was designed to accomplish two things. He would make rule-breakers do an endless number of exercises—sit-ups, pushups, pull-ups—until the kid convinced himself never to ever break another rule as long as he lived. Not only did the kid learn his lesson, but he got in shape.

So kids had better watch out. Now that the Supreme Court has banged its heavy, black-robed fist down on the table, there will be no place to hide. Try as they may, it will be more and more difficult for kids to be mean and disruptive when some kind of bottom-slapping, knuckle-rapping discipline will be waiting. And if those kids aren't careful, they just might learn something.

Sports Editor Gene Upchurch is a junior journalism major from Durham, N.C.